SKIRTS WILL NOT GRACE PROM THIS SPRING

(page 3, sonny boy!)

The Inside Dope On Aesop's Love Life—Page 4

The Drew Acorn

Don't Worry About Our Conscience— Worry About Your Own!

Miss Tripp's Phone No.: Nudeton, 6437-J VISITING HOURS: 12 A.M. 12 P.M. PRICE, TEN CENTS

No. 15

COLLEGE GOES CO-ED WHEN LITTLE GYPSY ROSE ENROLLS!

Staid Brothers College will forsake its decade of monasticism to become a co-educational institution in the fall, according to startling information obtained exclusively by the ACORN today from a reliable authoritative source.

Register F. Tailor Bones admitted upon insistent questioning that he had already received an entrance application from Gypsy Rose Tripp (see foto) who stands a good chance of attaining immortality as Brothers College's first co-ed.

Miss Tripp lives with her parents close to the Hollywood Restaurant where, she told this reporter, she is "trying to earn a few honest pennies" to put herself thru college. She said it was nice of Drew to turn co-ed since it would be the only "decent school" near her work.

When told that an application had also been received from her more illustrious colleague, Heloise Martin, late of Drake, Miss Tripp only arched an eyebrow and wanted to know what that " —— publicity seeker," among other epithets, had that she didn't have, and proceeded to demonstrate. We were willing to be convinced and settled back waiting to see what would come off as she undertook to prove her point. It was then that two of my fellow Acorn reporters, her publicity agent, and a fotografer broke in and the picture to the left is the result.

(Editor's Note: — For obvious reasons the identity of the "Acorn" reporters has been concealed in the foto. We are running a little contest, however; all you have to do is cut off the heads of the three reporters or mold reasonably accurate facsimiles, and send them to the "Acorn," complete with their names as you decipher them from information concealed in the picture. Now go on with the sensational story.)

Where were we . . . ? Oh, yes, Miss Tripp was just beginning to. (Do you get the pun at last, you dope? ?) Well, you're probably not interested, so we'll skip the tiresome details. You've all

(Continued on Page 3)

A VIEW OF THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

Acorn reporters "size-up" Miss Gypsy Rose Tripp, Drew's first co-ed, at Rogers House. It all started when an inquisitive scribe told Gypsy Rose that he came from Missouri. She showed 'em! See Story. You can see Miss Tripp, too, if she says so.

De Lawd Comes To Drew Campus

Pappy Divine Subs for Dr. Helps at June Commencement

Graduation exercises in June will be most memorable in the history of Drew University, an unexpected announcement today indicates. Father So-So Divine, Harlem's own God, has been secured to speak at the ceremonies. The black divinity will replace Dr. William Lyon Helps who was originally scheduled to deliver the commencement address.

Father Divine has consented to come to Drew in his blue Rolls-Royce with his entire company of dusky seraphims, cherubims, thrones, dominations, powers, and lesser angels of hierarchy. He will shed his divine grace on the Drew Forest on that most sacred of days when those who, having struggled four years with idle philosophies and nonsense, will receive their sheepskins.

Claimed by his followers to be God Himself, Father Divine will offer valuable counsel to guide the departing theologs and Christian brethren into the world of strife and turmoil. No longer must the blind theologians search the dark cellar for the black cat that isn't there.

Archangels will announce the Father's coming. Swing bands will play "Stomping at the Savoy," "Casey Jones," "Harlem Blues," and other torrid favorites. Lesser angels will do the Harlem strut with the beloved Father. Those who will be graduating are advised to see Phil Desperado about learning the cake walk. The Father promises that he will award diplomas only to those who are able to cake walk to the platform. There, as Gabriel's shiny trumpet blares its message to the assembled throng, God Himself will proffer the long-awaited "tickets to heaven".

WANTED

A bodyguard to accompany three Jewish students to the University of Munich next year. Apply Dean's Office.—Adv.

BULLETIN!

Dr. A. Stanley (Buster) Crickett, History Destructor and Map Maker (he makes the other guys do 'em) at Drew University, was held in custody at Ellis Island today to be deported to Europe.

"We wouldn't care if he were a criminal or a college professor," Commissioner Unclesam said in horrified tones, "but he is really an Englishman. That will never do!"

Hebrew Boys Win Heidelberg Awards; Herr Hitler Happy

A reversal of German racial policy was indicated yesterday when Herman Roseyberg, Esau Pishkin, and Josef Ramovitz were announced recipients of the University of Munich scholarships for next year.

The three Jewish boys who submitted theses on "The Fallacy of Aryanism" or "Hitler's Hoax," will be the guests of the German Bureaucracy of Education.

"I'll say I'm Goering," Mr. Pishkin told the press. "I am very happy to continue my intellectual development at this center of Nutzism. Are the Frauleins O.K.?" (Somebody rushed off to get Aesop to find out.)

Mr. Roseyberg told reporters that he felt a concentration camp would be just the place to write papers.

Mr. Ramovitz, overcome at the honor, could only mumble an "Aw, heil!"

An official folder of information advised the scholarship winners to leave their brains in the U.S. so they would feel at home in Germany.

"If we got through Drew without using our heads we can manage to succeed in Germany too," Roseyberg and Ramovitz assured their friends.

REDS INFEST CAMPUS!

A plot of international intrigue, originating from the dusty archives of Moscow and involving such campus figures as Professor Norman Hooligan Guise, teacher of the dismal science, Dave McCracked, Dill's Best Robin, Putin Teague and Jakie Schiftman, was revealed today.

Investigators from The ACORN, together with Stinkerton detectives, have been quietly working for some months to verify rumors that a red plot was being fomented on the campus. The college, it is felt, will soon become a hotbed of radical activity.

A Duma has been formed under the chairmanship of Professor Guise, hereafter referred to as "Comrade Guise." Comrade Guise confessed that he has been riding two horses for a long time now and that he feels it is time he came out for one or the other. It is believed in many quarters that textbooks for his courses will hereafter be ordered direct from Moscow.

McCracked told an ACORN reporter today that the revolution couldn't come too quickly as far as he was concerned. He is tired, he said, of eating from the tables of the privileged classes.

Dill's Best (who refused recently to marry a banker's daughter and married a banker instead) did not hesitate to voice his reasons for supporting red radicalism. He said he wanted to be sure his children would have a lion's share of the world's wealth and that the only way to achieve it would be to divide all wealth equally.

Both Putin Teague, the Boonton Bolshevist, and Jakie Schiftman, the Dover Red, said they were very happy that

(Continued on Page 3)

New Dean Of Women, Arriving By Plane, Becomes Lone Guardian Of Co-ed Morals

"Girls are so human!" That was Miss Mabel Watcherstep's terse comment yesterday when she arrived at Newark Airport on her way to assume her duties as Dean of Women at Drew U.

Photographers were not permitted to snap Mabel's full body.

"It might give the girls an inferiority complex," she said almost in a whisper.

"IT'S THE NUTS"

The Drew Acorn

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(Aw, be a good sport)

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"You are reading The Acorn, but The Acorn is what the Justices say it is—a lousy scandal sheet."—Good-Time Charlie.

Editor's Note: The interpretation upon this issue of The Acorn, allowed under the general welfare clause, is subject to reversal at any moment. See Adkins Case, 1923, and Washington Minimum Wage Case, 1937.

APRIL 1, 1937

A FACULTY MEETING

By Don Quixote

What goes on in all these faculty meetings? To most of us it is a sort of a mystery, but I am going to let you in on a little secret, Shhh! I happened to get an earful of one of them and it went something like this:

* * * * *

". . . And since the seriousness of the situation compels us to adopt these strict measures, we must abide by the suggestions that have been offered." (This was the voice of Professor Taldrich.)

GREENE: "But gentlemen! To believe that would be inconceivable! It defies the laws of heredity and environment. It is ridiculous! It is like imagining a brachiopod riding a brontosaurus! I believe that an expedition to the Belgian Congo, where a rare specimen known as the 'babucus flippis' has been discovered, should be considered. Then I could collect many rare specimens of scientific value and . . ."

TANKARD: "But that requires a great deal of money. With the trip to Europe under Dr. Crickett's supervision, it seems to me that . . ."

CRICKETT: "Why, of course it can't be postponed! For the sake of the University's reputation it must go through!"

LUNG: "Yes, you all talk about trips and expeditions, spending money and more money, but what about a trip down South for the ball club? A couple of months down in Clearwater, Florida, would put the boys in shape for . . ."

DENTON: "Yea, that's it! You fellows use up all the money and the music department remains sunk in poverty! A new series of recordings of the works of Beethoven, Wagner and Falla have . . ."

GREENE: "Why, John Keith!!! The idea! The expedition to the Belgian Congo would be more . . ."

CRICKETT: "Wait a minute, Wireman! Never mind the Belgian Congo! My trip to Europe is important from the points of view of . . ."

LUNG: "I suppose you two think that your Belgian Congo and your London and your silly ideas are more important than my ball club! Athletics are importani, Wireman! Think of the physical traits of those early Greek and Roman athletes! There is no . . ."

GRANGER: "Well, well! What do you know about that! A trip for everyone, huh? Then how about a summer in Paris for my majors?

GREENE: "France? Paris? Pooh! Why, the Belgian Congo with its . . ."

MESIER: "You all speak like fools! I am writing a book that will be sensational! The science of philology, the study of words and . . ."

GUISE: "Permit me, gentlemen. Your Belgian Congo, your London, your Paris, and your Florida all sound very well, but is that more important than a field trip to Canada or Bermuda? I doubt if . . ."

DARRINGTON: "Just a minute, Norman Hooligan. You should be satisfied with an extra box of chalk monthly to chew on. I think that there's nothing more important than a planetarium for my Astronomy students. With it I . . ."

GRANGER: "My heavens, Cathcart! A Planetarium! You're crazy, completely nutsified! That would be too expensive. My trip to France . . ."

GREENE: "But please, gentlemen! My Belgian Congo . . ."

LUNG: "Oh, you and your Belgian Congo give me a pain! My ball trip to Florida is sure to . . ."

GREENE: "Well, you too give me an awfully sharp pain with your ball trip to Florida, Sherman Plato!"

TANKARD: "Gentlemen, please . . . please . . . !"

DARRINGTON: "Are you talking to us?"

GUISE: (with a sly smile) "No, he said 'gentlemen'."

GREENE: "Please, please! I am losing my patience. It is my Belgian Congo . . ."

DARRINGTON: "Why, Wireman, a man can't lose what he hasn't got!

JANSEN: "Wisely said, Cathcart; you're as wise as Longinus. Ah! He was sublime!"

CLINIC: "Gentlemen, as a father I have been able to make a few observations of my children and in the home life of a happy family the psychological inquiries that . . ."

MESIER: "Pipe down, Polly. We don't want any psychological viewpoints, and besides . . ."

GREENE: "No, of course not. We want an expedition to the Belgian Congo . . ."

CRICKETT: "Oh, no we don't! It's the trip to Europe that we must consi . . ."

LUNG: "There you go again! By Yimney crickets, it's a trip to Florida that we are to discuss and . . ."

GREENE: "Gentlemen, I am proposing something for science's sake. A trip to Florida would be for pleasure of lazy students who would enjoy . . ."

LUNG: (furious) "Hold it there Mr, Wireman Greene! I suppose it's heavenly to work every afternoon teaching twenty mugs to play ball, sweating like a dog and risking my life when I pitch in batting practice! YOU have the life sitting before a bowl of flies for days and days watching all the generations

(*Continued on Page 4*)

WALLFLOWERS ON PARADE

(*Seen or Heard at the Junior Prom*)

John Bolder—a la Meekere
Phil Desperado—a dislocated anatomy
Prof. Semester—a bad ankle
Prof. Polly Clinic—"No Regrets!"
Prof. Jordan—the minuet
Lee Slockshower—knee-action
"Dill's Best" Robin—doomed for life
Fred Loser—flabbergasted
Rural Clark—worried
William Helmet—entranced
Frank Hello—hop along "Cassidy"
Bill Slap—the Premier
Christie Battitson—Stingy
Grinin Barrett—three's a crowd
John Foolja—the yellow peril
Puttin Teague—abhors crooning guitar strummers
O. Henry—"cloistered"
Charles Bushman—"Uncle Charlie"
Randolph Phillups—all's well that ends well
Cecil Bight—Kill-Joy
Brove Gagby—Kill-Joy
Dolski Estrin—the Prodigal son returneth
Jerry Lowrents—tackles them big
Larry Hornin—little boy blue (da' da')
Buster Brown—a balloon blower
William Ben-it—Blond crazy
Earl S. Averill—at the sound of the curfew
Chuck Mutton—overshadowed
Brawn Steennertz—a Ga' Ga'
Harold Spicy—a gigolo

Studes Seek Secret Tunnel To Ladyland

The gold rush of '49 will have been as nothing compared to the furore and dirt aroused when The Acorn's billion-mark tunnel contest hits the campus. Books will be forgotten. Classes will be forgotten. Food will be forgotten. All will be forgotten except one thing:

FIND THAT TUNNEL.

Oh, yes—what tunnel, you ask?

Well, it seems that deep down among the dusty archives of Cornell library there has been unearthed a rare old manuscript. No, not another *Biblia Epiglottis*, but a map. Yes, a MAP (and all three students in Buster's Rand McNally course pass out cold at the mention of the word).

Ah well, we can't be squeamish with facts. It was indeed a map of a long long-hidden tunnel. A tunnel that extends clear up to . . . yes, you guessed it, . . . clear up to ST. ELIZABETH'S!

But wait, don't run off yet. As in all good contests, be sure you read the rules carefully.

Rule 1. You have to dig with your hands (maybe we'll throw in a spoon if the going gets tough).

Rule 2. All dirt dug up becomes the exclusive property of Aesop.

Rule 3. If you happen to dig up Aesop, tell him Professor Guise would like to see him in class occasionally.

Rule 4. If you happen to dig up Guise, take the piece of chalk out of his mouth and put him back again with the Constitution.

Rule 5. If you happen to dig up the Constitution, you'd better give it a quiet, private burial.

Rule 6. If you're still reading, you're a bigger fool thap we thought you were. Haw! Haw! Haw!

DON'T BLAME US—HERE'S THE GUY WHAT STARTED IT ALL

A photo of Dan Drew, founder of our noble institution, as he looked a few moments following a poker game with Gould, Cooke and Vanderbilt over the Erie Road. Danny fooled 'em all. He was smart. He had a stack of aces up his sleeve. Dan Drew was in a real sense the First Adventurer in Excellence. Wotta Man!

Moldy Greene Astounds Scientific World With Accidental Discovery of Big Fossil

Dr. Wireman (Moldy) Green, lean and lanky professor of invertebrate biology, astounded the scientific world today by announcing the discovery of a giant fossil in one of his own classrooms. As a result it is very likely that for the next few weeks the campus will be overrun by scientists from all parts of the globe investigating the phenomenon.

For the benefit of college students, Dr. Wireman is exhibiting his fossil in the biology lecture room at 11:10 tomorrow morning. All lovers of nature are urged to be present.

For the present Dr. Moldy has decided to call his fossil *homo honestus et sincerus anti scientiae testis*. Before hitting upon that name he had considered *Carlosoffosilus Marcialibus*, but disregarded it as being too naive.

Dr. Wireman (who is Green with envy) was greatly perplexed himself by his discovery. He came upon the specimen last week while lecturing to his science class and was so overcome that his disquisition on the reason of man's existence became quite incoherent. (Students did not notice the disturbance.) However, he managed to keep the knowledge of his find from the class.

The fact that he cannot account for having overlooked the fossil until a week ago adds to Dr. Green-weenie's mystification. When he spotted the *Marcialibus* in the very center of his classroom, all perceptible evidence tended to indicate that it had been there for some time.

Furthermore, on going through the records for the past four years, Dr. Greenie found tangible evidence that the specimen had occupied essentially the same position for the greater part of four semesters—evidence which he corroborated judiciously by sampling campus rumors.

But Dr. Green's perplexity is heightened by the difficulty he has encountered in assigning a name to his find, for in many ways the fossil is unique. This uniqueness lies not so much in the fact that it looks like a man as in the fact that, while it has undoubtedly been buried for several years, it still exhibits signs of life. Its chest rises and falls in a rhythmical manner indistinguishable from the breathing of a living man; moreover, there are times when its eyes loose their glassy stare and become almost vital.

Strangest of all is the fact that this relic of the past can talk. Of course, its talk is not of the highly coherent kind—if it were, Dr. Green feels certain that he would have noted the object before. Yet it is sufficiently coherent to impart to the painstaking investigator some inkling of the fossil's history.

HE DISCOVERS—

—A FOSSIL

Dr. Wymen Leave-Drew (above) who amazed the scientific world with the accidental discovery of a gargantuan fossil, Carlosfossilus Marcialibus (right) in his own classroom.

RIDING TAMOVITZ

By Short Circuit

(Editor's Note: *Due to the fact that all the jackasses are reading The Acorn today, we can't ride the Circuit. Instead we'll ride Tamovitz.*)

SEMESTER: I hear The Acorn is getting a sports columnist next year.

LUNG: Yeah? What will the paper have for a joke when Tamovitz goes?

SEMESTER: It might be a joke to you but he hasn't spelled my name right yet.

LUNG: Well, with a name like yours you shouldn't kick.

SEMESTER: Cut it out. It's Tamovitz we're supposed to ride, not me.

STOOGE: That's funny. I can't think of anything bad to say about him.

LUNG: He's so dumb he asked me to loan him my second base for Wooley's ork. He's no athlete. He only plays tennis.

SEMESTER: Tamovitz must think he's a mind-reader. He never asks me what I'm going to do. He writes whatever he wants.

STOOGE: If you took his advice you might win a couple of more games.

LUNG: Say, did that guy slip you a buck to root for him?

STOOGE (indignantly): He did not! He gave me two bucks. Anyway, I think he's a dandy.

SEMESTER: So what if he does wear a clean shirt?

LUNG: Hey, something is phony here. (Rips off the stooge's disguise and finds Tamovitz himself. General commotion, and curtain—for Tamovitz.)

NO HEAD NEEDED

(*Plenty of Body*)

According to a recent announcement, Dr. A. Stanley "Kegline" Cricket, who bashfully admitted to The Acorn correspondent the following capabilities, (he had to be questioned more than thirty seconds):

1. Lieutenant in the U. S. Militia.
2. Just for the lack of filthy lucre in the Cricket coffers, the British Parliament has had to struggle on with such poor substitutes as Baldwin, Churchill, and Lady Astor.
3. Regular fullback on the Kentucky University football team that outplayed but was gypped out of a game with Tulane's Rose Bowl team by 3 points.
4. The aboriginal Babe Ruth of England's first professional baseball team and the three-strike man of Drew. Furthermore, being one of the most informed men about baseball in his native land, he was asked to coach and write sports articles to enlighten the British public and the Empire (on which the sun never sets). "I'm baseball's ambassador to England," Keg shyly admitted.
5. Fullback on Asbury College's basketball team. His greatest contribution to basketball at Drew is helping the Aggies upset the Faculty. He played for the Faculty.
6. He has also been a cricket player, soccer player, and is one of the world's outstanding toreadors.
7. As a world traveler he is a Casanova and a B.B.B. (Beer Belly Baron) of Germany.
8. Fag boy at one of his numerous prep schools.
9. Attended all important diplomatic congresses from Vienna to Scurving Place, and is an intimate confessor of the greats of Europe. Eddie Windsor and he are JUST LIKE THAT. As a result no one is more informed of Europe's intrigues than he.
10. He has taken his turn "on the hustings" for many political leaders in England.
11. One of America's foremost mapmakers.
12. He's the tops!

Girls Barred From Spring Promenade; "Discrimination!" Charges Peggy Sanger

Dr. Sherman Plato Lung Quits Baseball Coaching

"At last, boys, I've gotten up enough courage to tell the world that I'm $%/& sick and $%/& tired of all this pretense of making believe I like baseball, and you can announce in The Acorn that I'm retiring from baseball, EFFECTIVE TODAY."

As the last word dropped from Sherman Plato Lung's lips, a startled group of lads who had gathered in his office for serious study held breaths, not daring to break into atmosphere that had been rarified by the epic speech of Lung, who had seemingly been satisfied with his position for the last ten and the next fifty years.

Pressed for further information, "Doc" snorted, "Holy Jumping Jupiter, what the dickens is a guy going to do with the lousy material he gets in this dirty, lousy, stinking, low-down, rotten place? What have I got this year? No pitchers, no outfielders, no catchers, no infielders, and only three baseballs and a bat. All I've got is a headache."

Doc admitted that the strain of pretending an interest in what he terms the "Great National Insane" has greatly affected his work in the classroom and has ruined his pool game. Lung said he wearied of his Jeckyl and Hyde role years ago, but only a deep cowardice prevented him from confessing.

The strain gone from his face, Lung divulged his future plans. "I'll rent the YMCA, buy a lot of pool balls and cues, and set out after Willy Hoppe. If I catch him he'll hop. Ha, ha, ha!"

TALDRICH'S ANCIENT CHARIOT PURCHASED BY MITHISONIAN

Dr. Earl A. Taldrich's Dodge, that venerable derelict which has paid increasingly less frequent visits to our campus in recent months, is to go to its final resting place in the austere halls of the Mithsonian Institute in Washington. The Institute is reported to have promised Professor Taldrich a very appreciable sum for this "piece".

Commenting on the sale, Dr. Taldrich said: "I will undoubtedly use the proceeds in Shakespearian research and in the publication of a set of detective thrillers upon which I have been working for some time. I shall miss the old Dodge. It has always been a great comfort to me."

TRIPP

(*Continued from Page 1*)

seen how it's done on field trips, anyway.

Since there are two sides to every story, we decided to hear (?, Ed.) Miss Martin's tale. She was rehearsing her shower act when we found her, and she lent two very pretty ears (yes, both of them) to our story. She felt deeply touched when told that, among other things, Miss Tripp had cast aspersions on the legitimacy of her ancestry.

"Why," she whined, "we are the original Martins of Martin and Coy fame." She looked like the real McCoy to this reporter, but we withheld that comment. "In fact, my pappy still has the old shotgun hanging in the next room." We agreed that a shotgun was quite a persuader and modified our actions accordingly.

(I'm surprised at you, young man! Never let it be said that a reporter of ours was intimidated.—Ed.)

When asked if she would consider rooming with Miss Tripp when they come to Drew, Miss Martin looked up

(*Continued on Page 4, Column 5*)

College Students Prepare For Fraternal Evening

Simultaneously with the announcement of the enrollment of Miss Gypsy Rose Tripp as Drew's first co-ed, came startling reversal of social policy when Thomas Never, Chairman of the Social Committee, revealed that all girls had been barred from the Spring Prom to be held next Fall.

Never, holding a head that appeared to have suffered something, choked between sobs, "It's really not my fault, fellows. It means more to me than to you. It means my Elaine will stay home, and I'll have to give her kid brother a quarter to leave. The Prom would be cheaper. Ow!"

Never's remark led The Acorn representative to seek the real cause of the future absence of females from Drew dances. His quest led him first to Chuck Mutton, Student Council prexy. Mutton, with a wary eye on the Dean's office, whispered, "To tell ya the truth, my boy, I'm damn sick and tired of taking a girl ,Editor's note: you mean THE girl) to a Prom. It's about time that I escaped from the proverbial apron string at least once before I get into the Seminary."

Dave McCracked, chairman of the What-Will-The - Faculty - Think Club, appears to be the power behind the new policy. McCracked, calling himself the Susan B. Anthony of Mendom, shouted, "They passed the Nineteenth Amendment, didn't they? Women vote, don't they? Well, we're showing our hand at last, and you just watch our movement grow!"

But apart from the real cause of the disbarment, great interest was manifested today by students intending to attend the Prom. Crusty Battitson, Decorations chairman, announced that the Orchid Room in the Reflectory will be decorated in black in honor of the occasion. Underhand negotiations have been commenced for an interesting motion picture that may or may not be a travelogue. The only problem that remains is how to entertain the boys. But leave it to the Social Committee. They thought of the idea and they'll think of a way out.

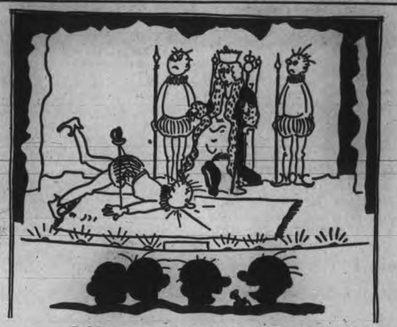
Among the girls who will not attend the Prom are Simon Simone, Zazu Pitts and Jean Arthur. Whoopee!

DREW GATEWAY DENOUNCED AS RADICAL ORGAN

A bombshell was hurled among contributors to the Drew Gateway yesterday when the Daughters of the American Evolution charged the publication with radicalism. The attack is directed especially against George W. Diggs and Earl A. Taldrich for their book reviews in a recent issue.

The patriotic group has found that Dr. Diggs opposed the very fundamentals of democracy when he extolled the humiliation of students through study of the social thought of the ancient civilizations. But their ire was more implacably aroused by Dr. Taldrich's book review which centered around the Greek term "pronaos," which is included on the Daughters' list of untouchable words.

FORESTERS SCORE ANOTHER MAJOR FLOP



Ralphie Jansen: (Behind the scenes) Coises!

Burlesque Added to Curriculum As Old Guard Profs Give In

Comparative Anatomy, UC-2, To Visit Sinsky's And Other Hot Spots

Long a time-honored adjunct to field trips, the burlesque show has finally come into its own as an integral part of the Brothers College curriculum, it was announced today.

After a hectic faculty meeting the Old Guard gave way and consented to legalize what has heretofore been a *sub rosa* part of the college man's education. The major question then became under which course to list the trip. It was finally decided most appropriate to place the burlesque show in with others taken by the Comparative Anatomy class, UC-2.

To placate the various members of the faculty who have very strong feelings as to which show should be witnessed, it was decided to change from year to year. The class will begin with the Scurving Place burlesque next year, and in subsequent years will visit Sinsky's Forthy-Second Street theatre, and Sinsky's Oriental, in turn.

Sinsky's new Oriental, which puts on a very arty show, had many strong adherents among those more cultured members of the faculty who did not think it quite proper to go the whole hog (who said anything about "beef trust"?)

When Doc Lung (you should hear him at baseball practice) heard that the Oriental was going to show "Julius Teaser Marches On," he immediately wanted the trip included in his Greek and Roman Life course. It was felt that there might be a genuine correlation between the beefing Doctor's steaks and the "trusts."

It will be interesting to see if the students decide to take their burlesks legally or oftener, in the future.

REDS

(*Continued from Page 1*)

their efforts to convert Brothers College had met with such success. "The formation of the Duma is only the first step in a world-wide revolution," Teague said.

The Duma for the present will continue to meet secretly. There has been much speculation as to the place of the meeting. Reports said today that the meetings were being held in the dark room. As one wag remarked, "That's so they won't see the light."

Officials of the administration were non-commital today, but it is believed that they will cast their lot with the radicals.

Miss Cora Coives, new athletic coach for co-eds, announced the following rules for Drew gals:

1—Smoking in showers will not be permitted.

2—Promiscuous osculation will be encouraged to supply biology lab with germs.

3—All dorm lights out by 8 P. M. (Nothing like the dark, gals!).

CIVIL WAR IN THE FACULTY

(*Continued from Page 2*)

to find out if they have red legs or white eyes!!!"

GREENE: "It is preposterous to criticize me so! I resent that. I am working for the sake of science . . . "

LUNG: "Well, I resent what you said too. I work like a dog day in and day out . . . "

SEMESTER: "That is true, gentlemen. He almost got killed by a line drive yesterday."

DARRINGTON: (to Granger) "My goodness, is he coaching our students or a bunch of lions?"

TANKARD: "Gentlemen, this isn't the proper attitude of the professors of our institution. It seems to me . . . "

CLINE: "Let them go on, Dean. I haven't had so much fun since that night when I entered that tavern in Berlin and the young Nazi waiter . . . "

TALDRICH: "I say, Dr. Cline, we've heard that one about ten or twelve times. This situation is . . . "

GREENE: "But this is getting us nowhere! The expedition to the Congo has . . . "

CRICKETT: "Your expedition can wait till after my trip to Europe, my dear Wireman."

GREENE: "You shouldn't open your mouth so often Mr. Crickett. You are nothing but a puppy in this faculty . . . "

LUNG: "Don't you fellows think for a minute that my trip is going to be left till after your Congo and your Europe!"

DARRINGTON: "Oh, yeah? I suppose my planetarium will have to wait?"

GRANGER: "Don't be fastidious, Cathcart! My problem is more serious."

BENTON: "Just as I thought! My music class gets no credit! That's what I get for being a gentleman of leisure!"

TANKARD: "Gentlemen, let us reason logically. It seems to me that . . . "

TAILOR BONES: "I beg your pardon, gentlemen. For the last four hours I have been trying to say something that concerns you all. I have a notice from Mr. Densinger informing me that because of our financial situation he is forced to make a new reduction in the salaries of the members of this faculty. This new reduction takes indefinitely . . . "

LUNG: "What, another cut? That's a shameful note! For the sake of . . . Oh, heck . . . , I wish I were James Barton right now!!!"

GREENE: "Oh, heavens! My expedition, the Congo! My 'babuccus flippis'!!"

GRANGER: "Am I mortified!"

DARRINGTON: (to Guise) "Ha, ha, I guess you'll have to be satisfied with all the chalk you've been getting so far. Hee, hee!"

GUISE: "Listen here, Marshall Cathcart, I'm not justifying that remark. I'll see you outside when this is all over!!"

CLINE: "Well, that's that. Ha, ha, ha. No trip to Germany for me this summer! Very funny, very funny!"

CLINIC: "And me with a family to support!!"

MESIER: "It is all very foolish, I think; very foolish. It is incredible!"

TANKARD: (perplexed) "Yes, of course . . . Gee, I wish I were that guy Barton too!! Oh, my, what am I saying? Meeting adjourned, gentlemen; meeting adjourned . . . "

And as they left, some burning inside, others sad and disappointed, and others indifferent, I dropped myself in a chair and I laughed and laughed and laughed . . .

DON'T BE AN APRIL FOOL!

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AESOP'S FIRST LOVE

A Daring, Sensational Expose of Drew's Premier Scandal Monger, Now Openly Revealed For The First Time

(EDITOR'S NOTE: We've got to give this fellow Aesop some credit. He's got guts. Here he tells, in his own words, the stark, naked truth. Here, at last, is the confession you've all been waiting for. Giovanni Boccaccio was such a piker!)

She was my first love.

Let me say right off the bat—she was a beauty! I used to see her quite a lot around town and I wondered who she was until the gang at Hixie's Drug Store told me her name was Flossie. I liked that name, too. One day, quite by accident, I met her on the street. I mustered up enough courage to speak to her, and she—for she was as shy as I—was lost for words.

Well, I've yet to learn what possessed me at the time, but I took her home! (Ya darned right I'm a fast worker!)

She was divine. Every step homeward was like a year in paradise. Was I dreaming? I pinched myself twice. The ecstasy was real.

I walked a little behind her to feast my eyes upon her delicate frame, the soft contours of her body, and her long, dark hair that glistened in the sunlight. Her eyes, I knew, were sad and, oh, so full of friendliness and compassion. Her graceful gait was like the rhythmic sway of tropical palms. At the moment it was inexplicable, but of this I was certain: *she was mine.*

All of these things took a primitive hold upon me until—yes, until I stood before the little wooden gate of my humble home.

Words cannot express the deep consternation of my family. They objected strongly and unanimously in (what I felt secretly to be) their own narrow way.

I was stunned, sad and uncomfortably embarrassed. Was Flossie to become the victim of tyrannical puritanism? I pleaded for her. I extoled her virtues. I belittled her vices. But it was all in vain. Cold, merciless eyes, tightly-closed lips, folded arms slowly turned my eloquence to silence. Then, in a rash, Windsorian moment, I turned abruptly to my beloved, and together we walked slowly out the door and past the gate of what had once been home for me. The lump in my throat was so big I felt myself choking.

Down the middle of that dusty, country road we went together, two lovers lost in sublime eternity. We walked not upon the earth; we felt not the summer heat.

A misty haze enveloped us. We bathed in the air of angels, scented the fragrance of flowers, danced gaily to the music of cherubic nymphs who pranced about while they stroked their harps, sending forth sweet melodious notes that mingled with the tingling laughter of childish voices to blend a perfect harmony.

Ah, we were in heaven!

Suddenly I heard a familiar rattling sound at my back. I turned about quickly. I heard a scream!

"Flossie! Flossie!" I cried.

That was all I remembered. They told me later that I fainted.

The funeral next day was a solemn one. My sorrow was intense. Family and friends tried desperately to console me. My days were empty; my nights were sleepless. I ate little and talked less.

Yes, yes. And I can still remember my mother nodding her head understandingly when I said afterwards, as the big tears rolled off my cheeks:

"Gee, Mom, Flossie was such a *nice* dog!"

GYPSY ROSE TRIPP SIGNS UP!

(*Continued from Page 3*)

coyly at your reporter and said, "Oh, you big modest boy, you. Why, I wanna room with you—just so you could help me catch up with my extra-curricular activities." What could I say?

(Boy! now we're getting somewheres! —Ed.)

Miss Martin said that before she would think of entering our hallowed halls, however, the school would have to provide a special shower in some private place like the library or lounge room. "Just so I won't become self-conscious," she said.

Dean Frank G. Tankard, when told of the possibility of enrolling the former Drake Dianna, thought that it would be an inestimable help to the new venture if the "cleanest girl in the world" could be included among the student body. "And speaking of bodies," began the Dean, but we too had seen her profile (no, not both of them) and stopped him.

The reverberations of such a far-reaching move will be felt in every department of the institution. Adequate dormitory facilities will be the first pertinent problem. Most of the present students questioned were inclined to be extremely hospitable. The concensus of opinion was that the boys would not be adverse to putting up with the inconvenience of additional room-mates, till better facilities could be provided, if they could be guaranteed that the student body as a whole would be as nice as Miss Martin's.

Such an innovation would undoubtedly set a popular precedent in American higher educational circles. Though the president could not be reached for a comment on it, it is felt that Arlo Airs Frown will.

Ubiquitous Dean Sinn Harold Tough was away saving America at large as usual and of course could not be reached for comment. His secretary said, however, that he will probably be glad to prepare a paper on the correlation between the Christian ideal and the Co-ed Mind from a Humanistic standpoint when he returns.

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